

Actions and Hope, Blast It All

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[Jake English](#), [Dirk Strider](#), [Jane Crocker](#), [Gamzee Makara](#), [Tavros Crocker](#), [Brain Ghost Dirk Strider](#), [Brain Ghost Jake English](#), [Alternate Calliope \(Homestuck\)](#), [Harry Anderson Egbert](#), [Vriska Lalonde](#)

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Summary

It was suppose to be a normal day for Jane Crocker, work on the new laws, make sure the troll population was under control, deal with the stupid clown that was obsessed with her and then come home to a loving husband and their first born child.

It was supposed to be that way anyway.

What she actually came back to was a new husband that was destroying her home and her drones, demanding for a divorce and fiercely protective over their child.

Waking up in Jake English's body after reviving from some death was bad, especially when it turned out to be drunken suicide. Waking up in Jake English's body *during the Epilogue* was even worse. Now he had a kid to take care of, a megalomaniac, fascist and tyrantess wife who's cheating on him with a deranged clown fuck, an existential crisis in realizing he was actually a part of the original Jake English and two brain ghosts who are just as confused on his situation as he was.

But one thing was clear; He was taking Tavros and getting the hell away from Jane. Jane, Gamzee, the whole fucking Epilogue can kiss his ass, Dirk Ultimate was coming and he was NOT going to be involved with this horse shit. Of course in the end, he had to be involved anyway.

Notes

Another idea comes! It greets the readers before stabbing the author in forcing it to become reality! Unfortunately for the idea, the author catches the stab and forces the idea into a jar for a one shot!

Did that make sense? No? Oh well.

Here's Jake!

Obviously there are spoilers for the Epilogue here, won't say to read it or whatever but you're probably confused as to what's going on if you didn't know about it.

Also I can't remember if Jane had drones when Tavros was born already or not, if not... well, thanks to the power of fanfiction! She has them now.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Taking care of an entire planet, though she was not the president she was just helping from the shadows, was hard work, Jane thinks to herself wearily as she awaited to arrive back home. It had been a long day for her, spending time with her advisers and planning more for the future of the Earth. The trolls were outnumbering them, something had to be done- she was *not* xenophobic, she was simply looking out for the human populace, as well as the carapacian populace but they were fine. The consort populace... well, that was another matter entirely.

It wasn't her fault that no one else could understand her views, well, somewhat, her husband kind of understood, she wasn't very sure but since he was her husband she had no doubt that he was on her side. The bumbling but loving buffoon.

GAMZEE: yO mY mIlKy MaMi.

Ah yes, the other unfortunate buffoon that was stuck to her side like a stubborn limpet. Only this one was a clown buffoon that was so persistent to stay by her side it was almost admirable. Almost. Honestly, she had no idea why she let him by his side aside from his certain, *capabilities*. Ones that Jake could almost not match in.

JANE: What is it Gamzee?

JANE: I'm quite busy as it is already, I'm looking forward to arriving back home and having a well deserved nap in bed.

Jane says, not really paying any mind to Gamzee at all, more focused on the paperwork that she had left the meeting with. She had finally sunk her wiley claws into the post mailing system, Crocker Corp was finally in control of it, for being as simple as the Post System, it was incredibly stubborn in making sure she couldn't get her hands on it. But she always got her way.

JANE: Yes, a nap sounds good. Though perhaps it can wait a little bit, I suppose Jake would need my attention first, as well as Tavros. The meeting took longer than I thought, surely the both of them miss me dearly.

She had been gone for nearly two days straight, Jake must be miserable without her. And it had been a while since she had checked on Tavros, he had been such a good son, maybe she should give him a note and a nice cake to celebrate, when was the last time she had baked? Hm...

GAMZEE: Uh, AbOuT tHaT. yOu MiGhT wAnT tO mOtHeRfUcKiNg LoOk At ThIs My BiTcHsIs.

Gamzee said, motioning to the window of their vehicle. Jane raises a brow but indulges, leaning over to look out the window. What did this clown want her... to... see?

JANE: Oh my god.

Jane utters with stunned horror as she sees black smoke rising from the distance, particularly *right at* the heart of her mansion. What had- What had happened?

JANE: Jake! Tavros!

JANE: Driver! Take us home immediately!

JANE: NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Not wanting to incur the wrath of one of the most powerful people on the planet, one of the *creators* of the planet. The unfortunate driver immediately took heed and stepped on the gas.

Crocker Manor was under attack.

Crocker Manor was under attack, something Jane didn't think to be possible- at least, not now of all times. Perhaps in another few years then maybe her beloved palatial estate would be under attack by unruly enemies and wicked assassins trying to end her life in an unfair event where she had

achieved her goals. She would naturally be ready then, *but she wasn't ready now.*

The pillar- pillars, of black smoke was steadily growing as they came closer and closer to the mansion. Even Gamzee was looking quite worried over it, or maybe he wasn't, Jane didn't care because all she could focus on right now was the fact her house was under attack and both her husband and son were probably in danger!

JANE: Out of my way!

Jane snapped at Gamzee as they finally arrived at the manor, rushing out to see the damage.

JANE: Oh god...

Her house was thankfully in tact... somewhat, there was a gaping hole on the roof, the primary source of the smoke which seemed to be fading now. But there were other pillars of smoke, much smaller than the one rising and fading from the hole, they were mostly coming from the debris of the detached robotic parts that were littering her once beautiful lawn. Telling by the glass and other debris that were with the parts, they had been knocked outside from the inside, not to mention the sight of her broken windows was quite telling.

JANE: Who in their right mind would attack my manor?!

JANE: Jake! Tavros! Where are you?! Are you okay?!

Jane shouts as she swiftly takes towards the manor, Gamzee close behind her as she ran in her heels.

Jane Crocker was expecting many things when she dashed into her manor. She was expecting her attackers, wrecking havoc and destruction inside her manor. She was expecting her husband protecting their beloved son against the foolish attackers that *dared* tried to attack her and her family. She was expecting to find them and to face them herself, she would strike them down and make use of her old Battle Fork!

Only for things to go in ways she did *not* expect. What she found was something entirely different.

Oh, her husband Jake, *was* protecting their growing son Tavros. But it seemed that there were no attackers at all.

No, it seemed that *Jake* was attacking her house- or rather, her drones.

She had arrived just in time to see Jake disposing the last of her personal drones, smoking gun in one hand, and the other curled protectively around little Tavros Crocker.

JANE: J-Jake?

Instantly, Jake turned to look to her and Jane had to resist taking a step back.

Something was wrong.

Something was very wrong, with *Jake*.

Jake looked disheveled but nonetheless handsome as always, the years were quite kind to him and gave him a lovely rugged look, ever since they had married Jake had been growing a steady scruff that suited quite nicely. But at the moment, he looked quite intimidating with his disheveled and rugged look, his eyes unreadable behind his glasses which glinted dangerously from the light that came from somewhere that Jane couldn't see. His clothes were ripped slightly, and there were small wounds that she could see- he was bleeding from the *side*, but it didn't seem to bother him at all as he stood with his spine straight, a backbone that Jane hasn't seen in what seemed to be forever.

But what set her danger sense off, what set *everything* off, was the slight white aura that exuded from her husband, it curled around him and Tavros protectively and seemed to shine brighter once Jake had caught sight of her. Something that she has never seen before, or had she? It was hard to focus as she felt herself stiffen when Jake turned to her fully, she had his full

attention. Something that she always had ever since that faithful night years ago. But this... This felt entirely different.

JAKE: Jane.

His voice was steady and deep, but there was a new hardness and confidence behind that tone. Something so different from the reserved tone she had gotten used to ever since their marriage. It shook her out of her stunned shock and she steeled herself.

JANE: Jake! What in the world happened here?!

JANE: Jake what is going on here!?

JANE: Did you just destroy all of my-our personal drones?!

She demanded, eyeing the damage that seemed to be caused by her husband warily. Jake had never been this destructive before. Sure, he's been plenty damaging when he was piss ass drunk, tripping over himself and bumping into things which lead to a cascade of accidents that lead to expensive items being broken and ultimately replaced.

But Jake did not seem to be drunk. And he had gotten his hands on one of his old guns, the golden one that had been his favorite, didn't she lock that away somewhere in the trophy room?

Jake merely pursed his lips, head tilting to look at the sparking remains of the drones he had just destroyed.

JAKE: It would seem so.

He said with a tone of amusement before shaking his head and, and- was he *ignoring* her?!

He turned to look at Tavros in his arms.

JAKE: Tavros young lad, are you quite alright? I am very sorry for dragging you into this, but next time when i tell you to stay put please do as i say, i was scared half to death when you intervened. Had i not been fast enough i worry you would've been very hurt.

The man scolded softly, captchalouging the golden gun to hold on to the child in his arms properly. Tavros didn't say anything at first, simply staring at his biological father with wide eyes. Mouth agape, seeming to have witnessed everything that had transpired.

JAKE: Tavros? Tavros? Speak to me son, you're beginning to worry me, are you hurt? I don't see any visible wounds on you-

TAVROS: no! no uh, dad, i'm fine,,

Jake smiled with apparent relief.

JAKE: That's good. Great even! But really, next time you should really heed my instructions, or maybe we should start training you so you might be able to defend yourself should anything happen and i'm not there to protect you.

JANE: JAKE CROCKER STOP IGNORING ME AND ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!!

Jane finally shouted, fed up with being ignored by Jake for their son- while indeed she *was* glad that Tavros was not harmed she was getting more and more peeved at the fact that Jake was not answering her questions! Nor was he looking at her anymore!

She would soon find herself regretting her outburst as instantly Jake's unnerving gaze focused back on her once more. There was no ounce of affection in those eyes, no exasperated fondness, no tired resignation, just cold. Hard. Determined green eyes. But nonetheless, she stood her ground. She was his wife! She was the Baronness of Crocker Corporation! The greatest business empire to ever exist!

JAKE: I am not jake crocker.

Those words startled her.

JANE: Wha-

JAKE: I am not *jake crocker*.

JAKE: I am jake english.

Jane narrowed her eyes.

JANE: Your name *is jake crocker*, you have been ever since you agreed to marry me!

JAKE: Something i dearly regret.

Shock, hurt, stunned.

JAKE: Unfortunately it's something i cannot take back, what's done is done and at least one thing came from our loveless union.

He's referring to Tavros, shifting to lift him with only one hand, using the other to ruffle Tavros' hair, smiling fondly. Tavros was speechless, continuing to look at his father with those wide shocked eyes. The moment he looked back to Jane though, the fond smile disappears and his lips form a firm and stern line.

JAKE: You may be right in the fact that my name may be jake crocker but not for much longer. For you see jane...

JAKE: I want a divorce.

Electricity seemed to have crawled down Jane's spine along with her shock, she actually takes a step back from that.

JANE: W-What, what do you mean Jake?

JAKE: I mean exactly what i said jane.

JAKE: I. Want. A. Divorce.

JAKE: I won't be your husband anymore, nor will i be your poster boy, your trophy husband, your little baby maker- i will not be jake crocker.

Each word he says, he's taking a step forward towards her, calm, confident and cool. Stepping over the debris of robotic parts towards her, she's intimidated but aside from the step back from earlier, she's frozen to the spot as she listens to Jake. And by the time he's finished speaking, he's right in front of her, eyes still stern, cold and hard. Towering over her with not only his height but with the weight of something else. Before, their height difference meant nothing because despite the fact he was taller than her, *she* was the one in charge. Right now though...

GAMZEE: WoAh MoThErFuCkEr ThAt Be MoThErFuCkInG hArSh.
GAMZEE: WhY dOn'T yOu TwO tAlK sHiT oUt? ThIs CaN't Be
MoThErFuCkInG rIgHt, ShOulD Be TaLkInG tHiNgS oVeR.

Gamzee interrupted, finally announcing his presence once more. They had forgotten he had been there, simply staying in the background, in the sidelines until he found the time to insert himself as shoddy attempt of a peacemaker.

GAMZEE: wHiLe YoU tWo MoThErFuCkErS tAlK sHiT oVeR I cAn ALL
bE ToTaLiY lOoKiNg AfTeR lItTlE TaVbRo FoR yA.

He suggested with an easy smile, shuffling over to Jake, reaching for the child who gripped his father's shirt tightly, breath hitching and instantly Jake's eyes darkened and before Gamzee knew it he was facing the barrel of a golden gun that was pointed right at his face, Gamzee yelped at the sudden action, holding his hands up in the air in surrender.

JAKE: You go near my boy you damned clown and i will shoot off your bulge, rip you in two and shove you back into the fridge where john freed you from. Don't think i won't, and even if i can't find that fridge i will find the smallest fridge i can fit you in and toss you into either the void or the ocean.

Jake snarled at him, holding Tavros protectively close, the boy's eyes watering slightly as he held on to Jake's crumpled shirt tightly, but he now had a growing look of awe on his face as he watched his father threaten his 'uncle'.

JAKE: Though that last bit might depend whether or not roxy might be willing to assist me, and since that seems to be unlikely i will gladly toss you into the deepest underwater trench and leave you to suffocate and drown.

Jane was aghast and Gamzee looked shocked. And nervous.

GAMZEE: n-NoW nOw MoThErFuCkEr No NeEd tO dO AnY oF tHaT
sHiT.

GAMZEE: i GoT A mOtHeRfUcKiNg ReDeMpTiOn ArC ALL uP aNd DoNe NoW-

JAKE: YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BLOODY REDEMPTION ARC AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR NOOK!!!

Jake shouts, taking a threatening step forward towards the clown, the calming white aura around him sparked and shone brighter, a white flame starting to wrap around him and Tavros who didn't seem to mind the flame whatsoever. Gamzee gasps and takes a step back as ghostly visage of an angel appears behind Jake, a mythical demon from troll culture that had been proven real on Eridan's planet- one of the most feared planets that even Gamzee hesitated to go to. Thankfully he had never had the chance to step down on that planet before Jack destroyed it. But now, Gamzee was seeing the ghostly visage of one slowly being born into life by Jake's aura.

JAKE: You, gamzee makara, are a worthless clown that has no purpose here other than to cause misery to those around you. John taking you out of the fridge was the biggest mistake he could do in this universe, i am *appalled* that my *wife*, soon to be *ex-wife* hopefully, even found interest in you!

JAKE: You both make me sick!

JAKE: And for the record, that 'redemption arc' that you crow and brag about *never happened and never will*. Your lusus dad goat neglected you, boohoo, you got locked up in a fridge, *boomotherfuckinghoo*- You have caused so much bloodshed, so much misery, you have no redemption arc here makara but by all means, continue shacking up with Jane, you'll find yourself getting what you deserved soon enough anyway whether you like or not.

Jake spat, aiming his gun at Gamzee before aiming lower and taking his shots.

BANG BANG

Two gunshots sounded as Gamzee howled in pain, both shots aimed at his kneecaps, rendering him unable to stay standing, the Bard of Rage crumbled before the Page of Hope while the Maid of Life watched with wide shocked eyes, their son had closed their eyes the moment his father had pulled the trigger.

Jake once again captchalogued the smoking golden gun and turned on his heel, the white flaming aura dims down into nothing in the process as he looks satisfied with his actions, he walks past Jane and towards the exist of the palatial estate. Intending to leave with *his* son.

He managed to get to the steps of the estate before Jane had regained her ability to move, and for John, Roxy and the others to appear at the estate, watching with wide eyes as a grimfaced but satisfied Jake stepping down the steps of the estate with Tavros in his arms.

JANE: JAKE! YOU STOP RIGHT THERE BUSTER!

Jake stops at the bottom of the steps, stoically turning to look at the disheveled Jane Crocker that panted lightly, glaring down at him through her red-rimmed glasses, he can see the slight tears in her eyes and he ignores them as well as the certain nagging at the back of his head. He'd address them later.

JAKE: Yes jane?

JANE: You can't do this!

JAKE: Do what jane?

JANE: EVERYTHING YOU'VE JUST DONE!!!

JANE: You cannot just destroy my drones, my estate! You can't take our child and shoot Gamzee in his kneecaps! AND YOU MOST CERTAINLY CANNOT JUST DIVORCE ME!!

There are gasps of surprise behind Jake but he focuses on Jane, his stoic face not breaking or moving one bit.

JAKE: And what makes you think i can't?

JAKE: I've already destroyed your drones, i've damaged your estate, i've most certainly shot that insufferable clown in his kneecaps and i *will* be taking our child and divorcing you. Whether you accept it or not.

Jane's face is storming as she stomps down the steps, almost breaking her heels from the force of her stomps. She was about to go on a tangent on him when the flaming aura from before once again burns brightly, startling her

and the others as Jake stood his ground. Looking firm, calm, collected... *dangerous*.

JAKE: Jane crocker.

He starts, tone soft but unyielding. There's an unnatural whisper to his tone as the white flames surround him and Tavros again.

JAKE: You were once the most brilliant girl that i have ever known, alongside roxy of course. You were my best friend- you both were but the years have past, we are no longer teenagers and much has changed... and it has changed for the worse i fear. If you're continuing this path then i must take my leave with tavros, he is the only thing i care about now at the moment, his safety will come first and foremost.

JAKE: I am not your husband. Not anymore.

Jake gently tugs Tavros off of him, the child almost unwilling to let go, he sets him down beside him, Tavros clings to his side, clutching his shirt and looking anywhere else but his estranged mother, but he watched closely as Jake tugs off the golden band around his finger, held delicately by rough fingers before letting go.

CLINK

It falls to the floor with not much fanfare, but the heavy atmosphere gets heavier when it bounces off the marble step. Jane's anger has been quenched by a stunned and horrifying realization.

Jake wasn't kidding.

Jake was going to leave her.

With Tavros, who clearly was willing to leave with him, in fact, he almost looked ecstatic as Jake picked him up with both his arms again.

Jake turns around, the flames dimming ever so slightly but keeping up.

JAKE: If it means anything...

JAKE: I apologize, for the strife i dragged you through in our younger

years. I never did say sorry for that did i? Late as it is, it probably means nothing now, but i simply had to put that out.

JAKE: I was young, we all were, dumb stupid teens going through life in one of the most traumatizing ways.

JAKE: I was a tad manipulative whether or not i realized it. I was also a coward.

JAKE: But now things changed.

JAKE: If you try to come after tavros and i jane, i make no promises in what will happen in what will ensue. As i said, tavros' safety is all i care about now. And for the incoming storm... well, i'd rather not get involved with your paltry balderdash.

JAKE: A bigger storm is on the horizon, and i want tavros to be safe.

Ominous words, something that didn't seem to make sense but seemed to resonate in everyone.

JAKE: Goodbye jane.

Jake takes to running after that, running past the stunned crowd of John, Roxy, Dave, Jade, Rose and Kanaya. And before anyone could do anything about it, like run after him, he's deploying a small one-manned ship from his sylladex and taking to the skies, heading to who knows where.

It's by then that Jane has snapped out of it and is futilely running after them. Her eyes watering and her heart thudding out of her chest.

JANE: JAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

But it was too late. Jane tripped on her heels, causing her friends to come to her side for help while Jake escaped into sky.

(JAKE: What in god's *name* have you done?!)

JAKE: What we had to.

Jake answers quietly, Tavros had fallen asleep in the back seat, all tucked out from everything that had happened today. Hopefully Tavros was too

tired to wake up to his father's seemingly insane ramblings to himself, and it seemed to be that way with how he barely budged at the sound of Jake's voice and his steady breathing. Still though, Jake kept quiet.

(JAKE: We didn't have to do that. We didn't have to do *anything*- I-I still have no goddamned idea what had happened!! Why am i like this?? Who are you?! Why are you in my body?!)

JAKE: In all technicalities, i am sort of you. You and i both know you've wanted to do that ever since jane became what she is now. Even he knows.

(DIRK: He has you there Jake.

DIRK: But admittedly I also have no clue on what the fuck just happened. Nice work though on the mess you've made and left back there by the way, really helping on what's going on.

JAKE: Not. Helping.)

Jake snorts, amused by the ghostly images of both Jake English and Dirk Strider appearing by his respective sides. Jake- now dubbed as Brain Ghost Jake, floating by his right and Dirk- also known as Brain Ghost Dirk, floating by his left.

JAKE: On the contrary i think it's helping quite a bit, nothing like a strider bullshit filter to bring things to the spotlight. Granted I am very suspicious over this strider bullshit filter since of certain reasons that might make things quite difficult for us to continue this adventure we'll be going on.

(JAKE: ... Excuse me but what?

DIRK: Hm.

DIRK: Care to elaborate? Despite the fact that I, or is it we now? Are mere manifestations within your mind, we aren't really clued in what's going on in there anymore. Not all of it anyway. Some sort of block appeared the moment you woke up with a new Brain Ghost this morning.)

JAKE: Really? I've been wondering about that but there hadn't been any time to ask, though i am still finding this revelation a bit dubious if you don't mind but i'll explain the best i can. We'll see where this will get us.

(JAKE: I am really not getting this, I AM THE REAL JAKE ENGLISH!
What is this impostor doing in my body?!?)

Jake hummed in reply, carefully glancing back to Tavros before focusing back forward on the skies.

JAKE: Wrong. And somewhat correct. You *are* indeed the real jake english, also there right there you didn't want to be jake crocker now did you? But I'm not an impostor. Not quite.

JAKE: By all reasons *I* should probably be the Brain Ghost Jake here, but at the moment it seems I've somehow reigned control over your, well, *our* body.

JAKE: But at the same time I'm not a simple Brain Ghost.

JAKE: Do you remember last night? And the day before?

(JAKE: ... I was... drinking last night i believe...

DIRK: More than that, you got yourself piss ass drunk.

JAKE: I.... I did? I....)

JAKE: Do you remember where we woke up? *How* we woke up jake?

(JAKE:

JAKE: I... woke up... in the bathroom... I...

DIRK: You woke up in a puddle of your blood.

JAKE: I did???

JAKE: ...

JAKE: Oh god...

JAKE: *Oh god oh god oh god oh god-*

DIRK: Woah! Jake, Jake come on, Jake-)

JAKE: You died last night Jake.

JAKE: Drunken suicide.

JAKE: And somehow, that gave birth to me.

JAKE: Another you.

JAKE: Which should be impossible i know.

JAKE: And the things i know should be impossible too.

JAKE: And the things i am just realizing now are quite bad.

JAKE: I am trying to avoid an existential crisis right now, since i have a ship to fly and pilot. I'd rather not crash with our son in the back seat.

Jake says shakily, his strong demeanor wavering now that it was just him, Tavros, the Brain Ghost versions of Jake and Dirk- though the Brain Ghost Jake is actually the real Jake English and he... Well, he vaguely remembers who he was. He was Jake English too. And yet, he was Jacob English. From the real world. He had finished both routes in the Epilogue. And after that....

Nothing.

Nothing else but waking up as the actual Jake English. He woke up as Jake English, in the Epilogue Candy Route, in a small puddle of his own blood.

But he was Jacob.

But he was Jake.

(JAKE: I-I wouldn't- I can't- oh god, if i hadn't-- Jane- *Tavros*-

DIRK: Come on Jake, breathe in three seconds, hold it for a few more seconds and then breathe out. Repeat after me, match my breathing.

DIRK: That's it buddy. Come on...

DIRK: ...

DIRK: It's both surreal to be touching you Jake but then again you're like me now.)

JAKE: ... I am very sorry jake but don't worry, i'll be taking care of tavros for the both of us.

JAKE: He's our main priority from now on.

JAKE: And for simplicity's sake, call me jacob.

JACOB: I don't really deserve to be called jake now do i?

JACOB: Or well, everyone else will be calling me jake, both you and dirk can call me jacob.

One thing.

One thing left to tether him to the old reality.

(JAKE:
DIRK:)

JACOB:

It's a tense but peaceful few minutes of silence as Jak- *Jacob*, flies the ship to... Well, anywhere really. When he got into the ship, there hadn't been a destination other than 'anywhere but here'.

(JAKE: ... what exactly did you mean?)

JACOB: Hm?

(JAKE: That crackpot ominous warning you left before gallivanting off with my son into the sunset.

DIRK: Not to mention being apparently suspicious about me.v)

JACOB: ... Dirk's coming back, in maybe a few years, or less, or more. I don't know anymore. I've definitely changed the story now.

(JAKE: Story????)

JACOB: Mm, as for you dirk, or rather bgdirk, your presence is a bit unsettling since you are a link to real dirk himself.

JACOB: But if my being here changes anything, i might be able to do something about that without alerting dirk.

JACOB: Alt calliope on the other hand might already know of my divergence. If she's not preoccupied with ultimate dirk.

(DIRK: ... Ah...

JAKE: ?????)

Jake smiled to himself, this was going to be a long day.

... how curious...

JACOB: Hello calliope.

... Jake?....

JACOB: Salutations dirk.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Another idea that shoved it's way into my head. I couldn't help it. So yeah, this turned into a two-shot.

This is it.

Hopefully.

Please stay as a two-shot, I have a lot of other things to do ;-;

Also bear with my Alt Calliope typing, I haven't written her much nor have I written Calliope herself much. I'm doing my best.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

???: Mr. Hailey sir! Another round for me and the boys!

Bottle o' Liquor was a moderate and nice bar. Open to all, humans, carapacians, consorts and trolls. One of the rare bars that welcomed all four races with mostly no prejudice now-a-days. Despite the push for other races to be excluded from the bar, it stubbornly stood on it's ground, at the very least, they would like to stay neutral.

Surprisingly, most of the factions let it be but were still subtly pushing the bar to choose a side, something it was ignoring since this bar should be open to all, it had been since the founding of it even *before* the creators showed up. It was proud of it's history and so opened to all, fighting tooth and nail to stay neutral and creating strict rules for those who came inside the pub.

But it wasn't stupid.

When the shitshow started, it created areas inside it's moderate building, places where each species could stay in and *mostly* not cause trouble with. Five areas to be exact, one for carapacians, one for consorts, one for humans and one for trolls. The fifth area was neutral ground, it was the bar area, where all could get and order their alcohol. If someone was making a ruckus they were given one or two warnings, if they chose to ignore those warnings they would be kicked out. One person could only be kicked out three times before they were officially banned from the place.

Surprisingly there weren't that many people banned.

But a lot of people were kicked out when it started, a lot of people were on their last leg and would have to try hard not to get banned. But at the very least, Bottle o' Liquor was a good neutral place, even Crocker Corp tried not to step on it's leg, it was old and stubborn, the pink turtle that owned it was hundred of years old and was headstrong. Though the only reason Jane tried not to viciously sink her claws into the Mr. Wayz' business was on the request of her father who was good friends with the old pink turtle ever since they had arrived on Earth C. They were drinking buddies back then, and still are when the busy father wasn't helping his daughter. It was rare though, to see Mr. Wayz and Mr. Crocker drinking together at the bar now a days, what with uh... *certain events* plaguing Earth C.

At any rate though, Bottle o' Liquor was a neutral place. It hired any race and firmly stood in the gray scales of everything. The employees of the bar were trustworthy, if a bit shady since Mr. Wayz hired anyone he thought was good for his establishment, regardless of their past and their race.

And Mr. Hailey was one of those employees, he wasn't the oldest but he wasn't the youngest either. He had been the Bottle o' Liquors bartender for five months now, and was an employee for almost half a year. And he was an interesting fellow.

MR. HAILEY: Ah, I'll be there in a moment.

Mr. Hailey was a tall and somewhat muscular human that upheld Mr. Wayz' views on neutrality, he wasn't really rude aside from his speech and occasional but casual cursing that didn't really offend anyone, he was

equally polite and kind to all species from trolls to consorts. He had dark red hair and dark hazel eyes with green flecks in them. He didn't talk often, preferring to stay silent but he was also strong, it showed when he physically manhandled a rude customer out of the bar for all to see.

He was quite popular what with his mysterious air and almost gentlemanly manner. People rarely see his full face, he always wears a medical mask for personal reasons though it was revealed that it was to hide some hideous scar that was inflicted on him before he came to the bar. Which both satisfied and stoked more curiosity out of the customers, but there was a strict policy on both the employees and the customers so no one really looked into the scar, there were some questions but Mr. Hailey smoothly avoided them or rebuffed them. Reminding them it wasn't really their business. Any more pushing would be labelled as harassment which was a big no in the establishment.

MR. WAYZ: Jacob good lad, time for your break! Perry's already here so get your ass into the back, your boy's waitin' for ya.

Jacob Hailey blinked and nodded, giving his current customers at the bar an amused nod when they groaned at the information that it was time for his break.

JACOB: Aye sir, thank ye.

Jacob replied to his boss, nodding to the small but old turtle as he passed him so he could enter the back. Sighing into his medical mask and rolling his shoulders slightly. He massaged his throat, he's spoken a bit too much today but that was fine, he'd dealt with worse. He gave Perry, a nice stout dersite carapacian, a nod as they crossed paths. Perry nodded back at him with a look of respect, motioning to the break room where his son was waiting.

He smiled underneath his mask as he entered the break room, grunting as instantly his boy went to hug him enthusiastically. Over the months they've been together on their own, a lot has happened, but his son was finally smiling genuinely. And though he was clingy at times, Jacob couldn't really

blame him for it. Seeking out parental affection finally after all this time, and now that they were safe, he could do it most of the time now.

JACOB: Ross.

He greeted shortly but not without affection, fondly ruffling his son's red locks. Dark blue eyes beamed up at him along with a wicked grin, though it faltered at the sight of his mask, even after all this time, he didn't like his father's medical mask even though it covered up *his* mistake. He still no doubt felt guilty about that. Jacob huffed and lightly pinched his son's cheek.

ROSS: o-ow! daaaad!!

He whined, guilt temporarily forgotten as he batted at his father's pinching fingers making him chuckle. He dropped the professional way and accent he usually used when he was work now that it was just him and Ross in the room, there wasn't anyone else in the room as far as he could tell and even then, anything that happened in the back of the bar *stayed* in the back of the bar.

JACOB: That's for coming here without a warning again. Did you slip by poor dan again?

He got his answer when his work phone vibrated in his pocket, making him sigh while Ross just grinned sheepishly at him.

ROSS: maybe,,, he wasn't paying attention though, and i don't like him,,

JACOB: You don't like most of your babysitters ross.

(JAKE: Tavros!

DIRK: Hahahaha. Kid's hilarious.)

Jacob sighed.

JACOB: What am i suppose to do with you.

ROSS: let me stay here when you work,,

ROSS: it's boring at home, and yeah i know it's safe but still,,, aren't i safer

with you?

JACOB: ... Sigh, i'll ask mr. wayz but there will be no promises.

Ross grinned, cheering to himself before leading Jacob to a nearby chair. Climbing into Jacob's lap as the father sat down though he turned to look at his dad and reached for the medical mask, Jacob made no move to rebuff him. Ross took the mask off, revealing the three jagged lines that scarred his father's face from his chin to his left cheek. Ross frowned at the sight of them, he didn't like them at all, you'd think he would prefer the mask but being unable to see his father's face, scars or no, was kind of disturbing to him.

JACOB: Still feeling guilty tavros? It's been months since i got this, it's not your fault.

Jacob said softly as he saw the guilty look on Tavros' face.

ROSS/TAVROS: i know but,,,

JACOB: Ross, tavros, if it weren't for you, i'd be dead and we'd both be back with your mum. So chin up chap, we're going quite well right now.

Jacob reminded him with a small smile.

It's been almost seven months since they had ran away from Jane Crocker. It's been six months since they became Jacob and Ross Hailey. It's been five and a half months since Jacob has been working within Bottle o' Liquor.

The first month had been hard, hiding in the shadows, dodging and fighting hunters and drones that were after them. One particular event injured Jacob and scarred his face, luckily though, Jacob had managed to finish off the drone and kill the hunter after them before escaping. They had also managed to get their hands on red dye and colored contacts, Jacob managing to get prescription colored contacts as well. And with Jacob abandoning his glasses and donning a medical mask with a legitimate excuse of his new facial scar, they weren't really recognizable anymore.

ROSS: ...

(JAKE: Oh my poor poor boy, hug him Jacob! He clearly needs one!
DIRK: As if he doesn't hug him enough Jake. But then again traumatized kids need plenty of hugs.)

Jacob inwardly snorted but did end up hugging Tavros, the small child sniffing slightly as he hugged his father back.

Over the months, Jake eventually warmed up to Jacob, it was hard not to when he saw how well Jacob was as a father, he was also a bit bitter and jealous over him but seeing Tavros so happy now... He was now a bit more supportive over their freedom, he was actually worried when Jacob got hurt during the first month! Dirk was actually a bit more mellow now, whether because Jacob thought of him as or not didn't matter anymore since it didn't seem that Ultimate Dirk was looking through Brain Ghost Dirk.

He wasn't so sure but so far he was being left alone with in a narrative perspective. Which was good, wrapping his head around their situation was hard enough but he was trying. It also meant Alt Calliope was still dealing with Dirk, and Jacob had no idea when she would return.

...

... how curious...

JACOB: Ah.

speaking of the devil and she should appear? a curious human saying but somewhat accurate i suppose, though personally i do not see myself as such. my brother on the other hand fits it.

ROSS: dad? what's wrong?

the small human child asks from jake's lap. though i question on why he refers himself as jacob even though he is jake? i understand that he is undercover at the moment but his internal thoughts, mostly blocked from my sight curiously and impossibly enough, refer to himself as jacob. jacob gives his beloved son an easy smile and responds.

JACOB: It's nothing ross, just nothing.

he says, reaching for the scrap of clothing that would hide his lower face from sight. one would not think that this jacob hailey was once jake english or rather jake crocker i suppose, i find myself repeating the word 'curious' more and more as i look into this.

(JAKE: ... Hold on a tick, i feel something different.

DIRK: So do I.

JAKE: Jacob? What's happening?)

jacob does not respond, why? who? who is he not responding to? his son young tavros crocker who is now ross hailey? but he has not spoken. hmm.

ROSS: a-are you sure dad? you look, uh, is there something wrong?

jacob merely smiles behind his mask, ross does not see it but he knows it is there, close observation to his progenitor's crinkling eyes was tell that he could see. it's strange, sleuthing such a conclusion from a small matter, very interesting though, humans are interesting.

(JAKE: There it is again!)

JACOB: I'm quite sure ross, there's nothing wrong at the moment.

JACOB: My break will end in some minutes though.

he says, trailing off and looking into the distance.

...

ah, he knows i am here.

he wishes to speak to me.

interesting.

but he will speak to me while his son is in the room, he's expecting me to deal with that.

very well. it will not take long, i usually try to avoid this but it can't be helped.

not long after jake says those words, an enthusiastic and young pink turtle barges into the room.

LEO: ROSS!

ross jolts in his father's lap.

ROSS: l-leo???

leo was apparently the consort owner's grandson, an excitable little turtle. he and ross had become friends after meeting each other a few times within the establishment.

(JAKE: Ah! It's the young chap leo!

DIRK: Convenient that he shows up now of all time, last I remember he wasn't anywhere in or near the bar. I may be wrong but hey.

AKE: ???)

jacob smiled underneath his medical mask as the young turtle went towards them, he greets him. though his voice was slightly different than usual, a bit deeper and the way he said it was quite different as well. ah, i see, you've changed your speech pattern to avoid from being discovered. smart.

JACOB: Hello Leo.

LEO: Hi Mr. Hailey! Hey Ross!

ROSS: hi Leo.

and it seems that young tavros has followed your lead in changing his speech pattern, not as skilled as you but no one would really suspect him since he is but a child still learning many things. clever.

LEO: I heard you were in here so I came to ask if you wanted to play with me Ross! I got like, a ton of new games we can play with!

ROSS: r-really now? um, that's nice and all Leo but I kind of want to spend

some time with my dad for the rest of his break.

LEO: Aww...

leo expressed great disappointment, pouting and making what the humans called 'puppy dog eyes', quite adorable. he looked pleadingly at both tavros and jake. jacob chuckled, shifting the young child in his lap.

JACOB: Now now Ross, don't be rude. You can go play with Leo for a bit, it'll keep you busy for the next couple of hours and then we can go home.

jacob persuaded smoothly, ruffling tavros' dyed dark red hair in an act of fatherly fondness. the disguise he's created for both him and his son was quite interesting, and unexpected. though i wonder how long it can stay effective?

ross pursed his lips, looking thoughtfully at his father before coming to a logical conclusion. he could indeed spend some time with his friend, it *has* been a while since they had played together. a few days in fact. and afterwards, he and his father could immediately head home. my, the child is certainly attached to you now jake. last i recall, he was quite distant from you and jane.

many a things seemed to have changed while i was away to deal with the prince.

ROSS: okay, let's go play Leo!

LEO: YES! Come on Ross!

jacob watched both youths leave the room, consequently leaving himself to his lonesome and fully capable of speaking to me.

(JAKE: An abrupt leave but understandable! Now we can finally converse properly!

DIRK: Somehow I kind of doubt that.

JAKE: What? Why?

DIRK: The strange feeling's still there, and like, he's not really paying attention to us at the moment. Something's going on.)

well, here we are.

jacob sits in slight silence before speaking, the new mystery of a man smiling an enigmatic smile at thin air supposedly aimed at myself. before i could read jake with no problem, now however, i find myself unable to. all i am greeted by when i try to dig further into jake, is a bright, white void. quite similar to roxy's but white, and more artificially created it seems.

JACOB: Hello calliope.

(JAKE: Calliope???)

DIRK: Oh shit.)

hello jake.

or would you prefer jacob instead? it is the moniker that you are currently using at the moment.

JACOB: Jacob if you would calliope.

very well.

it seems that a lot has happened while i was away.

JACOB: It seems so indeed.

what happened exactly?

JACOB: Oh nothing much, i divorced jane, took custody of tavros and we are now living quite happily together as father and son.

nothing much you say. you divorced jane and took your son without her consent, though you are happy, you are in hiding. i am confused as to why is that.

(JAKE: What the bloody hell is happening.

DIRK: Sh, pay attention Jake.)

JACOB: Minor little things i assure you.

JACOB: As for why, well, everyone has their reasons as to why they're doing something.

JACOB: I am no different.

JACOB: I simply wanted myself and tavros to be happy.

and you could not achieve that by jane's side? could you not continue be jane's husband and be happy? the both of you? i would have thought it was preferable for a child to grow with both their parents present instead of one.

JACOB: Preferably yes but not usually ideal when certain circumstances are put into the spotlight.

JACOB: And no, i don't think tavros and i could be happy by jane's side.

JACOB: Not with how things turned out.

and how did things turn out? you were both married, you had a lovely human son named after a nice brownblood from the previous session. is that not a happy ending? to be married and ending up with a family in the end?

JACOB: For some yes but marriage does not ultimately mean a happy ending.

JACOB: I always wondered about that you know, the naivety of you cherubs have against human feelings.

JACOB: We weren't given a time to truly recuperate, despite the fact we were happy in a new universe that we created, we ended up ignoring the past in a way that was not healthy whatsoever.

JACOB: Marriage and sudden feelings does not fix that.

it doesn't?

(JAKE: ... No... It doesn't.

DIRK: ...)

JACOB: No.

JACOB: Miscommunication, unable to face the facts and feelings, it has stirred within a crockpot of chaos.

...

JACOB: Nothing to say? I will continue then.

JACOB: Jane has become more and more xenophobic though she denies it and is blinded by her goals.

JACOB: Jade interrupted a built relationship between dave and karkat without a second thought, so sure in the romantic feelings she thinks she has for them and they for her and each other. Barely noticing the uncomfortable air between the three of them. Either that or ignoring it.

JACOB: Karkat and dave are in denial about it all with karkat being driven away from their possible relationship by the xenophobic path jane is going down.

JACOB: Rose has settled down, while i commend her relationship with kanaya and their adopted cerulean grub clone vriska lalonde she's unable to see the bigger picture anymore. The fact her wife is a troll and the growing disposition between kanaya and jane is clear.

JACOB: John is still able to sense how wrong everything is though his retcon powers have disappeared as a consequence of not keeping the timeline, he's besides himself in his feelings between roxy and terezi. Those add together in him and roxy breaking up and a familial break between him, roxy and their son harry anderson.

JACOB: Roxy herself is unreadable from the factor of her void player status and the fact she's just unscrutable, i don't know what to make of her now but she's staying quite passive in everything.

JACOB: Calliope, your alternate, well, i was never so close to her during and even before the session so i don't know much about her but she is incredibly naive. And you have no qualms against that. She thought in the beginning this was the answer, marriage and children would make everyone happy and maybe it did at the start but people change, time passes and everything is not perfect. It shouldn't be, perfection is not possible for flawed beings such as us.

JACOB: She thought *gamzee* of all trolls, could be so redeemable so easily, a 'redemption arc' is not that easy nor is it short. I thought she knew that but i was proven wrong. Gamzee has been nothing but trouble, maybe he could have been redeemed as she thought but not this way. Not like this.

JACOB: By the by, i hear he's made the recovery after i shot his kneecaps, though he can never walk properly or run properly ever again. How unfortunate. But at the very least, he's jane's main toy now just as he wanted and deserves.

JACOB: As for me? I was used, i was made into a figure i *thought* i'd be happy to be. Turned into a sex icon and some sort of trophy husband figure in the end. Dirk was my boyfriend, now he's dead and gone. Jane was my wife, she was deceptively sweet, but also abusive and cruel.

JACOB: Now i don't see myself that much as a victim, one of many, i know what i am, a coward, a manipulator, a *page*. I was someone who tried to be liked by everyone, unknowingly manipulating everyone to my whim just so i could be loved and to love them. I didn't mean it. Or maybe i did and didn't know it until it was too late.

JACOB: I still am a coward, it shows. I'm not confronting my ex-wife who continues to look for me and tavros, nor am i assisting the troll faction in their political war. I don't really care anymore, all i care now is that tavros is happy and safe.

JACOB: I am avoiding this, i'm saying no more. All i want... is the one person i care about now, to be happy and safe.

(DIRK: ... Fuck.

JAKE: ...

DIRK: Is this true Jake? I mean, Jacob's like, really a part of you right but you...

JAKE: ... i have no fucking clue anymore

JAKE: dirk i'm just so

JAKE: tired now...

DIRK: Fuck.)

...

those are very harsh and surprising words to come from you jake.

JACOB: Jacob.

jacob.

i am not aware on how you came to such information. nor on what fully happened while i was away, i suppose that should be your doing somehow. how you are able to notice me is also a mystery.

JACOB: And it shall stay a mystery, at least until dirk comes.

ah, you know of that as well?

(JAKE: Oh shitnickers, he's still coming isn't he?

DIRK: Yup.

JAKE: Darnit.)

JACOB: Know of it certainly.

hm, the extent of your knowledge is very curious. what will you do when he comes?

JACOB: Be as i always be.

JACOB: Be a coward and stay out of it.

JACOB: It's between you and he, it doesn't concern me or tavros.

JACOB: The other's might be involved, i don't know for sure but i will be doing my hardest in trying to avoid your conflict with dirk. For as long as possible i will try.

JACOB: For now tavros and i will live in this small peace and piece of happiness i managed to procure for the both of us.

JACOB: But then again, you have the power for jane and the others to find me.

JACOB: Disrupt the small happiness i worked for for me and my son.

JACOB: An understandable move but know this.

JACOB: If you do do that.

JACOB: If you do make a move against tavros and me. Or try *anything* with my son.

JACOB: I will not hesitate to fight back.

JACOB: Power over narrative or not.

JACOB: You shouldn't underestimate Hope and belief.

JACOB: I may be a page, a scripture to you. Nothing but words on a plane of existence that may or may not exist in a way incomprehensible to me or any other person but not to you or for 'ultimate dirk'.

JACOB: I am tired of being overwritten. Of being used and thrown away only to be unraveled again.

JACOB: I will fight for my son's happiness. *No matter what.*

(DIRK: Holy shit.

JAKE: You tell her jacob!

DIRK: You're not opposing this?

JAKE: While i do have my opinions reserved, i quite agree that our son's happiness does come first and foremost.)

...

you jacob english are quite the surprise. and yes, while it is tempting to enact a scenario where jane and the others discover of your whereabouts and your actions...

jacob tensed, preparing himself for anything to come.

... i suppose it will not hurt that much if i let you be. it is not my place to influence the events so blatantly. he gives the air a dry look obviously aimed at me, saying in an equally dry tone.

JACOB: And subtly?

i will make no promises. you do know that hiding can only last so long?

JACOB: I know that.

JACOB: But as if i wouldn't try my hardest anyway.

and 'ultimate dirk' as you call him, will no doubt be interested in you.

JACOB: Naturally, but he can go fuck himself for all i care.

(DIRK: Hey!

JAKE: Hehehe.)

JACOB: He treated alternate jake as if his toy, no better than jane.

JACOB: Well, slightly better, at least that jake did not have to go through years as jane's husband.

(JAKE: Hey...

DIRK: Heh.)

so you know of the other path as well. ever more interesting.

but might i add that jane is still quite distraught over you and tavros?

JACOB: Distraught, angry, sad-

JACOB: I know, i've seen the public announcements and heard the radio telecasts about our disappearances.

JACOB: We have bounties over our heads.

JACOB: I had to cut into my son's shoulder to get rid of the tracking chip she implanted on him, as well into me to get rid of mine during the first month.

(JAKE: I still can't believe she had done that.

DIRK: No you don't.

JAKE: Sigh, yes but still...)

there really is nothing i can do to convince you to come back to jane? you could both make amends, 'work something out' as they say?

JACOB: I've made my choice, and so has she.

JACOB: I've asked tavros the same question and his answer is the same.

JACOB: We both wish to avoid jane for as long as possible.

very well.

as long as you do not aid or abet the prince of heart, then i will leave you be.

JACOB: Trust me, i have no intentions of siding with *any* of you if i have any say into it. And i obviously do.

JACOB: When the time comes, do what you will with jane and the others.

JACOB: Just give me the chance to protect and prepare tavros.

JACOB: I don't know when dirk will appear, or what will happen but i want to give tavros the childhood he deserves to have.

JACOB: Not locked away in a palacial estate with that godforsaken clown as an uncle and neglected by his mother, and father.

jacob pleads with a soft tone, it was something rarely seen. a father's complete concern and love over their child, something similar to father crocker but perhaps on a different level. maybe he would have done the

same in jacob's shoes. it's unclear but at the moment. i could not help but comply for jacob's passionate plea.

i do not know when dirk shall appear in this world. nor of what will happen. but it feels like he will arrive soon.

(JAKE: ...

DIRK: ...)

JACOB: That will be enough.

JACOB: Thank you calliope.

JACOB: At some point though, we must converse on the fact you're inhabiting another version of jade.

JACOB: But alas, it seems that my break time is over.

he says, motioning to his watch, standing from his chair to stretch slightly and adjust his facial mask. disguised green eyes sparkling slightly with a new sense of determination.

he's not lying, time had gone normally and it is indeed time for him to return to work.

we will have to talk another time i suppose.

JACOB: Indeed.

he murmured as he made his way towards the door, each step sounding slightly in the empty breakroom of the pub.

till we talk again jacob.

JACOB: Till we talk again calliope.

(JAKE: ... is she gone?

DIRK: I think so.

JAKE: Phew.

JAKE: That was a bit more tense than i thought it'd be.

DIRK: No kidding.)

Jacob pauses, turning to finally look at the ghostly images of both Jake English and Dirk Strider. He blinked and smirked underneath his mask.

JACOB: She's gone. Unfortunately I was right when I said break time is over, Perry should be heading back into the kitchen by now. It's time for me to be back at the bar.

(JAKE: Blast, and here i was hoping we could talk about everything that's been said.

DIRK: Maybe later, looks like we're back to making snide comments about the customers.

JAKE: Indeed.)

Jacob snorted and snickered to himself before clearing his throat and nodding serenely at Perry as they passed. He nodded at Mr. Wayz as well as he returned to his usual spot at the bar, greeted with cheers to his return.

His son was still playing with Leo somewhere within the building, safe and close by.

For now, he wasn't Jake English or Jacob English.

He was Jacob Hailey, humble bartender of the Bottle o' Liquor.

And he was content with that despite with the commotion on the horizon.

He was such a coward, but at least his son was happy.

Chapter End Notes

THERE

This is going to stay as a two shot for now! This might turn out into like a short story of a few chapters but I really need to be working on other things at the moment!

So don't expect another update in a while!

That said, I hope you enjoyed at the very least.

Apologies for anything you might find off, odd or wrong in the chapter. It's just how I wrote it when it came to mind.

See you all later!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Okay so this might be a thing now.

Make no mistake I'm not prioritizing this fic over my other ones, I just- couldn't keep this one down.

Especially because I was craving for more Rossy and Jacob okay?

Homestuck2 wasn't really helping and I was writing a bit of this in my spare time until it turned into an actual chapter.

I'll probably continue this and make more chapters in my free time but I won't be focusing on this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

JACOB: Hmmm. I guess it's time to redye my hair, the roots are showing more and more.

Jacob English now Hailey mused quietly as he looked at the reflection of the mirror, his mask was tucked into his pocket as he took a close look at his hair. True to his words of observation, his black-haired roots were beginning to show and it slowly faded into the dark auburn red that he had originally dyed his hair in.

JACOB: Perhaps a haircut as well, it has gotten a bit long.

He continued to say aloud as he lightly tugged at a strand of dyed red hair.

(JAKE: Really now? I think we look smashing my chuckaboo. Maybe we should leave it as it is- though i will agree that we must dye our hair again.

DIRK: For the last time Jake, I don't think Jacob is gonna go for a mullet.

DIRK: Will admit that the longer hair's doing alright though.

JAKE: I was not going to suggest such a thing!

DIRK: So you say.)

Jacob snorted at the two's bickering, the ghostly visages of Dirk Strider and Jake English floating in the background. Only he could see their reflections within the mirror, only he could see them period. It was rather strange, one could say, being haunted by the ghosts of himself and a dear friend.

He could only be glad that they were getting along after spending such a long time together.

It's been a solid few years since he'd 'divorced' Jane and left with Tavros, fleeing from her clutches and into freedom. Though said freedom consisted of both he and Tavros laying low and keeping their identities a secret.

Creating a new identity for himself was easy once he sold off his more expensive items from his sylladex, as well as dyeing their hair from black to dark red auburn. His eyes were no longer confined underneath glasses, nor were Tavros' eyes. And though it would have been a risk to let people see their eye color, subtly colored contacts were the solution, and they were prescription as well.

If anything happened though, Jacob had already bought other colored contacts for future use.

Also it was easier to stay in hiding with his face mask on, the one that hid the scars on his face. And said scars also helped as well, seeing as most wouldn't expect the TV Darling *Jake Crocker* to be horribly disfigured.

Tavros, who strictly preferred Ross or Rossy most of the time, had flourished from his freedom from Jane and Gamzee. The thought of the clown still fills Jacob with a rage and latent urge to finish off the clown, however it was not in his place to do so. Not unless he came into contact with his precious son once more.

But yes, without the both of them around to terrify Rossy into timidity and low-self esteem, Tavros had grown with a healthy amount of self confidence and bravery. Though he was still quiet and reserved, he no longer stuttered as much anymore and was growing into a fine young man.

He still had problems of course, years suffering from abuse, neglective, mental and emotional, had given him problems. But he was fairing alright. He was doing much better than he had been two years prior.

Rossy Hailey was a bright young child, happy and expressive. A far cry from how he'd been as little timid and subservient Tavros Crocker.

ROSSY: Dad! I'm home! Where are you?!

JACOB: I'm in the bathroom rossy! Hold your knickers, i'm coming right out.

Jacob sighs, rolling his shoulders and taking one more glance at the mirror before looking towards the door.

(JAKE: Our son is home! Wonderful!

JAKE: I suppose he's in time for a redye as well as a hair cut?

DIRK: What, not suggesting your son to get a god forbidden mullet?

JAKE: Heavens no! Rossy has made it quite clear that he rather likes his short hair.

JAKE: Though i wouldn't mind if he let it grow out.

JAKE: But it is entirely up to him!

DIRK: And yet you insist to let yourself grow one?

JAKE: Of course!

JAKE: One of us has to be the voice of fantastical ideas!

DIRK: And the other has to be the voice of reason. Which thankfully, you have two.

JAKE: Oh hush!

JAKE: The fact that i am bringing up the subject of the mullet clearly means that deep down inside i do in fact want to grow my hair out to create such a fine hairstyle!

JAKE: Come now jacob, think of all the opportunities that the mullet can provide!

DIRK: Name one.

JAKE: Absolutely dashing moments when the wind strikes!

JAKE: Another layer of mystery to the air that surrounds us at the bar.

JAKE: The fact it in general is a wondrous hair style in general?

DIRK: ACTUAL reasons Jake. Actual reasons.

JAKE: Those **are** actual reasons!)

JACOB: While i find this entire argument amusing and such, would you please tone it down so that we may focus on Rossy the moment i walk out the door?

At the interruption, both see-through figures quietened down a bit. Cowed by his reasoning, though they would still quietly bicker behind his back. That made him smile slightly underneath his medical face mask. He was planning to go out to get a haircut as well as buy more dye soon, better to wear the mask now rather than later lest he forget.

Jacob exited the restroom, expecting to see his son as soon as he entered the living room of their modest apartment.

They lived in a prudent little apartment complex, another neutral area that catered to all species as the war between humans- well to be more specific *Crocker Corp* and the trolls continued on. Even with his disappearance, it seems that Jane's tyrannical uprising hadn't stopped.

Temporarily delayed at the start when he and Rossy had first disappeared but it had seemed that his ex-wife had given up the search. Occasionally sending out a drone or two trying to find them from time to time as well as a speech aimed at him and ROSSY on the broadcast, but other than that, things had finally settled peacefully for him and his son.

The speeches had seemed heartfelt, and perhaps they were. But Jacob refused to return to Jane when she was on the path she was on. If she truly felt apologetic and sincere with her feelings in wanting Rossy and he to return to her, she would have permanently stopped her campaigns and come to her senses on how she was acting.

Was that asking much? Oh definitely, but Jacob wasn't ever going to willingly go back to Jane while she was growing into her power like this. She's got her thumbs in near everything these days, but thankfully Bottle o' Liquor was still off limits.

For however long, Jacob didn't know but he'd made a solid living working in the bar. And even if Jane had somehow captured the Bottle o' Liquor, he

probably wouldn't leave if his identity was still safe. He'd just have to be more careful.

But he still had a back up plan if that happened along with his identity being found out.

He had several back up plans.

He'd rather not use them but it was better to have them and not use them rather than need them and not have them in the possible and probable future.

And it looked like he was going to have to use one of those plans, Jacob thinks to himself with slight shock as the bickering silenced itself behind him as he stared at his son. Who was not alone in the apartment with him.

Oh no, there were *two others* with him.

Two very familiar others.

HARRY ANDERSON: uh, hi there uncle jake- er, or is it jacob now? uncle jacob? uh hi.

VRISSY: Hey there Mr. *H8ley* !

Harry Anderson Egbert and Vriska Maryam-Lalonde sat on the living room couch, smiling at him. Well, Vriska was smiling at him toothily in a smug-like way while Harry Anderson was smiling nervously, sheepishly, he was obviously very unsure at the moment as he sat on the couch besides the cerulean troll.

His own son on the other hand was standing besides the couch, definitely looking sheepish and ashamed. Which he should be. *Why* were they here? Though he had let his son still stay in contact with them, he made it clear that the location of where they were and what their aliases were forbidden to be revealed.

And yet here they were, in their living room, their location and aliases apparently revealed.

ROSSY: ,,,

ROSSY: Uh,, hi, dad,,

ROSSY: There is a,,, definite explanation for everything,

Jacob crosses his arms, lips pursing into a stern frown mostly unseen from his mask and eyes squinting to a stern gaze. Father type of stern.

JACOB: There better be young man.

JACOB: However i will have you know that no matter the explanation, you are definitely grounded Rossy.

ROSSY: i- you know what,, fair enough,

ROSSY: but i'll have you know that it is entirely not my fault,, they were the ones who found me and they followed me home,

VRISY: We did not, Rossy here lead us right to you.

HARRY ANDERSON: uh we totally did follow him home though.

VRISY: Shut Up Harry!!!!!!!

HARRY: :/

Jacob pinched the bridge of his nose and inhaled slowly.

(JAKE: My this is... certainly surprising!

DIRK: No shit.)

Well at least the bickering from the ghostly brain version of himself and his ex-boyfriend had ceased. There was that. A very small pro that Jacob was going to accept nonetheless in the face of things.

JACOB: Well? Let's hear it.

ROSSY: ,, uh,,,

Rossy Hailey was honestly just minding his own business, enjoying an afternoon to himself when they found him. It really wasn't his fault at all! He swears it!

Rossy had been roaming the neighborhood, dressed in his usual clothes. Ever since he and his father escaped his mother's reign, he was free to dress

as he pleased- as long as it was decent but he was never that daring anyway.

He liked his new type of clothing, a simple pair of black jeans with matching black sneakers, a lilac undershirt and a white unbuttoned overshirt. Had his mother been around she would surely make sure he'd button up his shirt and wear something more 'proper'.

The son of Jane Crocker would look impeccably handsome and proper if she had any say on it.

But she didn't have a say on it, and he was no longer her son. He was free to do as he pleased.

He didn't even have to wear glasses either! Not in public at least. He and his father wore contacts outside, slightly colored contacts to subtly change their eye colors, and usually wore their glasses inside.

At first Rossy wasn't really sure about it, so very paranoid that someone would recognize him and his father but after a while, his paranoia seeped away and he was able to enjoy his new life rather easily. Though there were still risks that his father was adamant to remind him. But the freedom that they both had now had him thinking it was all worth it.

Rossy's buckteeth was a noticeable thing, but thankfully a lot of people had overbites and as long as he was careful, Rossy would be fine.

He had to be careful in how he said things, his own demeanor, etc.

Rossy had to overcome a few noticeable habits on the advice of his dad, even those would tip off information ever so slightly but it was worth it.

He wasn't Tavros Crocker anymore, he was Ross 'Rossy' Hailey.

Rossy didn't have to do anything he didn't want to unless it was necessary, his father promised him that. If he had to do anything he didn't like, there was always a reasonable logic behind it, like the time Jacob first dyed their

hair. Rossy had liked it in the end, it further separated them from his mother. From Jane Crocker.

Things weren't all cheery fun though, there were a few times where money was tight, where his father had to work overtime and leave Rossy on his lonesome- but those were few times, and they were *free* so Rossy didn't mind as much.

His dad always made it up for him.

Especially for the nights when his father stayed up all night, all somberlike and quiet. Quietly speaking into thin air, or just to himself it seems. His father thought he didn't know but he did.

Anyway, Rossy was simply walking down the street, enjoying the fresh air that the day gave him. Strolling down, keeping a lazy eye open for everyone around him. Weaving in and out of the crowds with practiced ease now.

He paused in front of a store, it was a newly opened store. He doesn't recall it being there before, he checked the sign, peering at it and into the establishment with a slightly suspicious look in his eyes.

There was no sign of Crocker Corp on it...

Seemed safe enough- and look! There was even a troll manning the register, no doubt his mother didn't have her mangy thumbs in this establishment.

This was just a normal store that Rossy would now check out because they were selling some interesting things in there.

With a smile, Rossy pressed his hand against the door of the store, pushing onwards and forwards inside.

The cool inside temporarily escapes the establishment, the door shutting behind him with a small jingle to announce his arrival.

Rossy peruse the aisles, looking at the various products laid out. The store itself was selling various items, ranging from snacks to personal paraphernalia- oh, there was even hair dye!

At the sight of the product, Rossy messed with a stray strand of dyed red hair. He'd noticed that his roots were starting to show, his father's roots as well. It was about high time they redyed their hair again right?

Right. And he couldn't exactly remember if his father had bought hair dye already...

Rossy looked through the various hair dyes, hoping to find the exact shade of dye that he and his father frequently used. He squinted slightly at the small lettering, his contacts were fine but small letters always gave him such trouble sometimes. His glasses were much better when it came to that.

But Rossy knew better to whip those out in the open.

To his delight, he found the shade he and his father regularly used.

A bright smile formed on his face, taking a few packets into his hand, he went over to the register to pay for the dye and be on his merry way... Alright, maybe he would purchase a few other things like snacks, a knickknack or two, and *then* he would be on his merry way.

As he patiently waited in the line, there was another person in front of him that was buying their own things, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

Idly, he took his phone out and checked the reason why it was buzzing.

Ah, it was Vrissy.

-- adamantGriftess [AG] began pestering gratuitousGymnast [GG] --

AG: Ughhhhhhhh, I can't believe you still won't tell us where you are!

AG: It's not like we'd tell anyone else about it!

AG: We haven't even seen each other in Ye8rs!!!!!!!

GG: I'd say sorry but i don't really feel that sorry vrissy,,

GG: I've told you and harry before i'm not telling you where i am because it's safer that way,,

AG: >::::(

AG: S8fer How Exactly???????

AG: You do know that my moms are Ag8inst Your Mom Right?

AG: Like hell we'd sell you and your stupid dad out to Her of 8ll People.

GG: Watch your mouth about my father vriska,

GG: Sigh, yes i know that you and your family are firmly against the woman who calls herself my mother however dad and i don't want any part of the war here,,,

GG: We like our privacy thank you very much,,

GG: It'd be too risky even if we tell you,,, and if word gets out that dad and i are with you it would put all of us in peril with that woman's persistence and stubborn fury,,,

GG: I am very sure she's still cross with father's leave and the clown's broken kneecaps no matter how many years it has been,,,

GG: She doesn't really care at the fact we left her because of how terrible she'd been, it's just because we left her at all and shot her precious and disgusting boyfriend,,,

GG: Not to mention the fall of support after dad left, we ruined her reputation,,,

AG: Yeah I know, you mentioned it Plenty of Times.

GG: And i'll continue to mention it until it sticks,,,

AG: 8luuuuuuuuh, you suck.

GG: That usual topic aside, i will once again, refuse in giving away my location to you or to harry,,, many apologies but no,,

AG: ...

AG: 8lright then, The H8rd W8y It Is. >:::)

GG: Excuse me??

AG: Look out the window of the store front >:::;)

Look out the window of the-

Rossy's eyes instinctively followed out the window and what he saw made his heart skip a beat.

Vriska Maryam-Lalonde gave him a sharp smile, behind her Harry Anderson Egbert offered a sheepish smile in turn.

CASHIER: And that will be 413.11.

The oblivious cashier told him with a tone so mild and unaffected to the clear horror on his face that Rossy absentmindedly handed over the bill he'd already prepared in hand.

Oh dear sweet stars above, his dad was going to be very upset.

JACOB: You were right on that part, i am very upset right now.

Jacob told him flatly causing Rossy to flinch and look down with shame.

(JAKE: Aw rossy no! Not at you chum, never at you! Well, not now at least but Jacob is certainly not upset over you!

DIRK: He's more upset over the fact that two teenagers managed to track you down instead. Guess we're finally moving. You going to dye your hair a different color or stick to red?)

JACOB: Sigh. Rossy i'm not upset at you. It's not your fault that your... friends, found you.

ROSSY: B-But--

JACOB: I'd like to know how in the world you two found my son though.

VRISSEY: Oh you know, just tr8cked him and--

HARRY: honestly we just happened to find him by chance.

VRISSEY: H8rry!!!!!!!

HARRY: what?

HARRY: we did! i mean sure we were trying to find him today but it was totally by luck that we found tavros-

ROSSY: Ross harry, or rossy,,

HARRY: uh, rossy, in that store.

HARRY: i swear, it was just luck and weird timing with the pesterlog.

VRISSEY: *Grum8le grum8le*

JACOB: Sigh, of course it was pure luck and timing. You're vriska, not serket but still vriska.

Of course Vriska would by chance find Rossy by chance, she was after all the genetic descendant of Vriska Fucking Serket. Jacob hadn't expected that in a million years, no one expected Vriska.

No one.

Ignoring the looks he got from the teenagers he thought on what to do. Vriska- Vrissy and Harry knew where he and Rossy lived now. By all means, that was enough incentive and reason to move out of their apartment.

But they had a steady life here, been here for years, and Jacob rather liked his job at the Bottle o' Liquor bar.

ROSSY: Uh,,, dad?

JACOB: Yes rossy?

ROSSY: Are we,,, are we going to move now??

JACOB: Possibly yes.

VRISSY: Wh8t???????? NO!

VRISSY: We just found you guys!!!!!!!!!!

VRISSY: 8nd we won't tell 8nyone 88out you 8oth! Promise!

JACOB: I'm afraid we just can't take that risk.

VRISSY: UGH! Tavros 8ack me up here!!!!!!!!!! Do you really just want to move Just Like That?

ROSSY: It's rossy now vriska, if you're going to call me that name then no i won't back you up,,

VRISSY: Wh8tever! Rossy Then! We spent 8 Long Time trying to Find You and This Is How It Turns Out?!

VRISSY: H8rry! You 8ack Me Up Here!

HARRY: well uh.

HARRY: it's nice to see you again uncle jacob and rossy.

HARRY: vrissy has a point, we just found rossy and it's been a long time since we saw each other.

HARRY: why can't you just stay?

HARRY: it's not like i'd tell my mom or dad about you and vrissy won't tell her moms too

JACOB: No one should know where we are or who we truly are harry. Not even you both.

HARRY: but why?

HARRY: That seems a little unfair.

VRISSY: A little???????? Try 8 Lot!

ROSSY: ,,,

JACOB: I know you both care and miss rossy you two, that's mainly why i haven't forbidden him from contacting you both. But having more people know where and who we are puts our safety at risk.

VRISSEY: So you're scared? Big whoop!!!!!!! Lots of people are scared!

VRISSEY: You're just being cowardly at this point!

JACOB: I am a coward.

She wasn't expecting that, her bravado falters and she looks at him with wide eyes. So does Harry and Rossy. Jacob's face is calm, even underneath his mask.

JACOB: I know i'm a coward, that's what i am. I've long accepted that. But i'm a coward for good reason now.

He unhooks the mask from his ears, catching the mask into his sylladex. A gasp escapes Harry's lips and Vrissy's eyes widen even more at the sight of the horrid scar that marred his face. Rossy bites his lip and merely looks away.

JACOB: I'm terrified, of a lot of things, for a lot of reasons. And one of those main reasons is a person whom i once cared for and trusted.

JACOB: She sent those drones that did this to me- did you know she had trackers implanted into myself and rossy? I had to cut into my own son's flesh to take it out.

HARRY: wha- a-auntie jane wouldn't-

JACOB: She would.

JACOB: Jane is a methodical mistress, oh so intelligent with sharp wit. She plans and plans and orchestrates many things. She probably doesn't know what happened between me and the drones aside from me destroying them as well as the trackers.

JACOB: I'm a coward yes, but i'm a father as well. I will not risk my beloved son back underneath her 'loving care'.

JACOB: Using the coward card will not work on me missy, i know what i am and i've long accepted it as something part of me.

VRISSEY:

HARRY: ...

ROSSY: ,,,

(DIRK: Oof. Talk about drama.

JAKE: ...

JAKE: Jacob-)

ROSSY: Dad,, what if,,, i don't want to be a coward?

Now Jacob wasn't expecting that, neither was anyone else in the room. Jake stared at his son, his dear precious son who asked the question that Jake himself was about to ask for himself.

JACOB: ...

ROSSY: I-I,,, i don't like the war either,, and i don't like mo-m-m- *jane* ,,,

ROSSY: But we can't keep hiding forever can we?

ROSSY: I'm fourteen now,, i know how to strife and i,,, do want to see vrissy and harry regularly again,,

ROSSY: I'm not saying we should join the war but,,, can we take a few risks?

ROSSY: Please?

...

Jacob sighed.

For however cowardly he was, his son always came first.

Jacob knew this was going to happen eventually.

The moment he agreed with Rossy that they would stay and that Vrissy and Harry would be allowed to visit and regularly meet up however they liked-when they all had time of course. School and education was important after all.

But he knew that this would come the moment he agreed to stay in the apartment and that both Harry and Vrissy knew about their whereabouts.

ROSE: Greetings Jake, it's rather nice to see you again.

JADE: jake!!

KANAYA: Hello Jake Or Rather Jacob Now

JACOB: ...

JACOB: I'll get the tea ready.

(JAKE: *Nervously adjusts collar* Oh boy, here we go chaps...

DIRK: What did you expect? This is what happens when we take risks like it or not.)

Dirk didn't have to remind him, Jacob sighed, ushering the people into his apartment. He dearly hoped they hadn't been seen or else he'd have to disappoint Rossy into actually moving.

Well, Jade was here, maybe he could finally and personally hear of his... Granddaughter? Niece? Whatever Yiffy was to him, from Jade.

Assuming she would even tell him about her.

If they were just going to barge into his life like this then he would do what he could to ensure his and Rossy's safety and future.

No matter what.

Chapter End Notes

Don't get me wrong. I love Jane, she's amazing but I hate how she turned out in the Candy Timeline. It's somewhat understandable, and she's entitled to be whatever she wanted to be but that doesn't mean I'll like it.

Also the tracker thing is noncanon (as far as I know) and just a thing I put in because I can unfortunately see Jane doing just that... Seeing as she COLLARED AND ELECTROCUTED DEAR SWEET YIFFY! Jane, what happened to you?

Ahem. Anyway, as for how Jacob knows about Yiffy... Next chapter will probably reveal that.

Whenever I get to it anyway.

Later everyone!

End Notes

Yeah I have no idea what I'm doing anymore. This was interesting though, dunno if I'll continue it after one of my stories.

This idea is similar and different from the self insert that is Matters of Choices and Opinions Eridan's view.

I've read both routes of the Epilogue and there are many things I'm a bit ticked off from but all in all, I liked the story and I'm looking forward to the possibility of it continuing in the future. HOPEFULLY with more Jake involvement and redemption for him and a lot of characters. But here was my attempt of making things... bearable on my end. It's self-indulgent yeah but hey, it's fanfiction. I just wanted to see Jake/Jacob English being a badass again. Or being a badass in general. Taking no shit from anyone and being the dad he can be.

Also, yeah, Eridan's brief moment in the Epilogue also ticked me off but I already have a fic centered around him so I don't need to poke at that. Yet. Maybe. Depending.

Will Jacob's adventure continue? How will Ultimate Dirk react to this new version of Jake? Will the Brain Ghost versions of Jake and Dirk bang? WHO KNOWS? I definitely don't! I have a lot of work to do!

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